

Unwavering Wings

by callionope

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Summary: She met a sunflower who is hungry for growth. She met a king who -this time- wants to serve and not to be served. She met a moon who doesn't realize that he can glow more. She met a bunch of crows who sought to fly again without falling. (OCx?)

1. The Error of the Discouraged

AHEM. Another story huh. And here I am, still trying to finish one chapter of my another story... Man, my readers will kill me /sweats. Though I hope you'll like this and give this a 'good' criticism. I know my grammar is not good but at least I tried? Haikyuu is a new anime but the manga started last 2012 so meaning, I'm not expecting many people reading this :) but it's hella fine with me.

**ENJOY ;) **

disclaimer: Haikyuu! is not mine :) but the OC is!

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><p>"Only those who will risk going too far can possibly find out how far one can go." â€" T.S Elliot

* * *

><p>Sakura petals dances with the wind, greeting the students and teachers with their soft colour as it passed them by, while some of it teasingly grazes their cheek as if wanting their presence be known. The fragrance of spring lingers in the air and it glues to the earth to remind the people that it is the start of new life. The sun bathed them with its glow and it beautifully contrasts with the pink color of the freshly bloomed trees.<p>

Everything purely screams new beginning.

She smiled contently on the innocent atmosphere of her new school. She was nervous, excited and most of all scared of the new episode of her life. This first day means new beginning, a once in a lifetime chance of changing who she was, of what people will think of her.

She didn't want to mess up.

She only has one goal on this day ever since she decided to attend this school.

That is to gain a friendâ€|for the first time.

It may sound clichÃ©â€|no, it's clichÃ©, but that's the truth about her life. A friend is something she longed for, something she wanted, something she needed. She read many novels, manga and even watched anime that have similarities to her life and every main character on those stories struggled at first but eventually, after all the challenges and risk, they ended up with a friend.

She only hoped her life will turn out like thatâ€|but this is reality, what happened next, she doesn't know. It all depends on her decisions and actions.

But despite without doing anything terrible and acting with solely good intention, people feared her, that is certain.

Sometimes she thinks, maybe the main problem on why people avoid her is because they're afraid of her looks, maybe she's making a scary face without thinking. She's aware of her appearance and she could say, though not proudly, that she's somehow pleasing to the eyes. She's not beautiful nor ugly so she guess there's nothing wrong with her, she thinks.

"Why is she bringing a katana?"

"Isn't that prohibited?"

"Is she a delinquent?"

Ah, that's right, she forgot. There is this one reason why they are afraid of her.

Her katana.

Ever since she was a child, she was always seen carrying a katana on her waist. People bullied her because of it and called her 'weird' but she ignored all of their hurtful words and endured it until she reaches where she is right now. Many times had she attempted to throw her weapon and never picked it up but the thought of being ashamed of her treasure, of his pride, makes her worst than the people who speaks ill of her.

Words are hurtful, but if she keeps on letting mere words wounded her being, she'll be forever considered weak in front of their eyes. That is why she decided she will stand up and never will she fall because of their pathetic bullying.

Now standing in front of her classroom with a pounding heart that she was trying to calm down ever since she came from school, she kept her

composure as cool as possible, making sure no sign of fear schooled her features. She was taught to stay composed and collected on drastic events but this is not one of those. This is more of uhm, do-or-die situations, more complicated and dangerous.

She's now contemplating whether to run away or not.

No! She must not let her remaining resolve waver on such stupid thought! Running away is not an option. Her mother will kill her if she found out she was missing in her first day. Also, running is for the weak! She is not weak!

She must do this.

Putting on a determined look, she slid open the door with sweaty hand and finally entered her classroom, class 1, with all the grace she could muster. All eyes instantly focused on her then to her hips where her katana is. She gulped inaudibly, fixing them one by one with nervous eyes, '_Keep it cool and smile.'_

And so she smiled her sweetest smile.

They all backed away.

Her jaw dropped but she immediately closed her mouth. She sighed dejectedly, _'As expected._'

Why do they always have this look like she's going to slit their neck and end their life? A sword is not only for killing but for protecting someone too! Are they even watching movie or anime?

She sighed again, gripping the hilt of her katana, _'Kami, please help me.'_

* * *

><p>After their adviser decided to make their sit plan by doing draw lots, she ended up in the back sitting in between two boys (her adviser looked relieve, she noticed). The boy on her left, named Sarutobi Tooka, completely ignored her as if she's doesn't exist at all and talked to his seatmate making herâ€|envious.<p>

It's painfully obvious he doesn't like her.

Though on her right is a somewhat friendly guy with bright orange hair. She started to observe him; she examined his face whether there's a hint of disgust or wariness. So far, none, and that alone made her spirits lightened. She involuntarily let out a small smile, relief washed over her body after she knew he didn't mind sitting beside her.

She embedded his name in her mind, Hinata Shouyo. After introducing themselves one by one on the whole class, the introduction Hinata made was still fresh inside her mind. His goal is to become like the 'small giant' and if she remembered correctly, he was talking about the Karasuno's former volleyball ace. Her grandfather watched all of his games and she was too, so she could tell that he's an amazing player despite his short height.

Hinata is short too, like the small giant, but still taller than her

with one inch. So she has no rights to laugh at his dream unlike what her classmates did. She's sure they thought it was impossible for him.

But there's no impossible, she believed. If the small giant can do it, then Hinata also can!

His dream was admirable however she admired his smile more.

Even with people laughing at him, he keeps his bright smile in place with a small blush staining his cheeks. It was adorable, like a child receiving his first gift.

It was blinding.

And he's too bright for her liking still, she's positive she will never get used to it.

She wondered if she can be friends with him.

They are classmates and all and even seatmates so maybe there are a chance, hopefully.

She noticed, ever since the first bell rang, he's been fidgeting like a kid wanting to play outside the snow, and now that the final bell rings, signalling the end of the day, she didn't get the chance to talk to him because he immediately left the classroom.

She regretted not talking to him the core.

She thinks that the fact that no one even tried to talk to her and she didn't talk to anyone is the saddest part of her first day and the part she regretted the most.

She's so pathetic.

Leaving the classroom with a gloomy dark cloud looming above her head, she swore to herself that she's going to talk to Hinata tomorrow!

That is a promise to herself and if she ever failed, she'll do hara-kiri!

She's serious.

And she's the type of person who never breaks promises.

Though she prayed, everything will be fine tomorrow.

* * *

><p>At first, when I saw Hinata, I was like, "He's so cuuute! And that voice! Waaa!" I was really fangirling when I saw him play volleyball XD excuse me coughs. He's adorable right? ADMIT IT!**

**This chapter is short but I swear that the next chapter will be long! I'm just experimenting and see if people will like this :) Her name is not yet revealed nor her appearance and I am AWARE of that! The reason why I chose a character with a katana because I'm inspired

with the character Yachiyo of Working! She has katana too and brings it anywhere. **

I expect reviews :) Tell me your thoughts :D

THANK YOU FOR READING!

**I'll be updating next week and if the responses are good, then I'll be updating fast ;) **

2. Sign of Friendship

**AN EARLY UPDATE FOR EVERYONE! THANK YOU TO THE PEOPLE WHO READ AND TOOK THEIR TIME TO VISIT THIS! AND THANK YOU SO MUCH TO THE PEOPLE WHO REVIEWED! YOU ARE LOOOOVELY! **

**JeffdebrudgeFR - Thank you for reviewing! I'm flattered that you said this is the 'Best' fanfiction you ever read. I will do my best to update as fast as I can :) **

**As promised, this is a long chapter! This a challenged for me since I made a new character. I usually write shy and innocent type but this one is different so I had a hard time. **

**Again, I'm sorry for my grammatical errors and maybe OOC? **

**ENJOY! **

**disclaimer: Haikyuu! is not mine. **

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><p>"Be happy for this moment. This moment is your life."
-Omar Khayyan

* * *

><p>"Good moâ€" "<p>

She stopped frozen on her spot when a knife, yes a knife, suddenly and dangerously was thrown at her just nearly three centimetres away on her face. She turned around and saw the knife deeply impaled on the wall.

_ 'Eh?' _

"Tairaâ€| Orihime."

She jumped hearing her name then hastily twisted herself in a straight position, her eyes widened in fear when the owner of the said voice loomed over her.

"Go-good morningâ€| Grandpa."

A vein popped on his head and Orihime feared her life.

"What's good in this goddamn morning you fucking brat?!" he roared and lifted his large hand to grab her head. "Your mother told me you

fucking end up in Class 1 and not in Class 5?! What stupidity did you do to end up on that shit?!"

"Father, lower your voice, the twins might hear you," Orihime's mother said calmly as if what's happening between them is an everyday occurrence. She continued setting the table, letting her daughter and father have their lovely bond.

"Ah, sorry," he nonchalantly said but didn't let go of his hand instead, he gripped it harder making Orihime whined in pain.

"Now answer me brat."

She's going to get killed, she knew it. She could feel it. If she told him the truth, he's going to kill her! She cannot say she got a low score because she fell asleep and end up answering half of the questions. She cannot say that. No. Absolutely no.

"Granddad! Stop hurting Hime-nee-chan!" Her little sibling, Ken, scolded their grandpa as he holds his twin sister's hand, Tsurugi. Orihime's eyes darted to the twins, ignoring her scary grandpa for a moment then all of a sudden, her face burst red.

The twins gasped dramatically, "Hime-nee-chan exploded again!" they simultaneously said while pointing their tiny finger at her.

Orihime sputtered nonsense and her grandfather, annoyed, removed his hand and flicked her forehead.

"Ow," she shot her grandpa a small glare. "Stupid Grandpa," Orihime muttered then quickly regretted it when her grandpa grabbed her head again.

Tempted to shout colourful words to his granddaughter, he chose to ruffle her hair and mess it until it sticks everywhere. Satisfied, he huffed and moved his feet to the table.

"You're lucky the twins are here brat," he then pointed the food with his chopstick, "Now eat, leave and make sure those two kids is safe."

Frowning a little, she said, "Of course I will."

"Neechan," Tsurugi called softly as she tugged her skirt. She looked up at her with her sparkling green eyes. "Carry," she simply said and Orihime, obviously weak when it comes to them, immediately complied while internally squealing, seeing her sibling so sweet and adorable. Ken, on the other hand, grabbed her hand and followed her to the table.

Orihime set Tsurugi down on her seat and ruffled her short hair. She then helped Ken situated himself on her left, smiling softly when he grinned at her.

Her siblings are identical twins. They both have the same colour of hair but not the eyes. Like her, Ken has blue eyes like the shade of the sky while Tsurugi have forest green like her mother. They all share the same color of hair, flax. Tsurugi kept her hair short that reaches her shoulder with her bangs tied like an antennae while Ken's hair is always dishevelled.

"You should hurry dear. You will not reach the bus in time if you don't."

Orihime nodded to her mother and choked down her egg. She stood up and quickly went to her room to grab her bag and weapon. She tied a white cloth to her waist and placed her katana, tightening the knot to make sure it won't fall. Checking herself once more on the mirror, she combed her short bangs that ended above her eyes and her side-bangs that reach to her chin which are cut in a Cleopatra manner. She tied her long hair into braid before nodding determinedly to herself and returned back to the kitchen.

Orihime came back just in time to see her mother cleaning the twin's cheeks, "Now my dear angels, make sure to stick with you sister. Ok?" they both nodded and hugged their mother tightly which she returned with love. It was evident in her eyes that she missed them dearly. Her mother was a busy woman like any mothers with jobs so it's no surprise if she came home late. Thus, the sight in front is lovely yet rare.

She went to them and put a hand on her shoulder, "You should get ready too, mother. You still have work. I'll take care of them." she smiled and waved a hand to her still eating grandfather, "We'll be leaving," she bowed and the twins waved at them then left. When the pounding of foot against the wooden floor was no longer audible, Saya, their mother, frowned in worry.

"I hope Orihime will be alright," Saya uttered as she put a hand to her cheek while watching her kids leave their house.

"She'll be fine."

Saya covered her mouth with her hand and laughed lightly, "You are really like a dragon when mad, Father. You are really sticking to your name, Taira Ryuu."

He smirked, placing his chopstick down. Despite his age, he is a man who takes care of his physique appearance. He's still muscular but the wrinkling of his skin betrays his image. As a blacksmith, strength is essentially needed and since no one is going to inherit his job anymore, he had no choice but to keep welding blades.

"I know," he stood up, "I'm going to work. You should do the same and get your ass off here."

* * *

><p>"Thank you for bringing them here Taira-san."<p>

Orihime smiled politely, "It's my job as their big sister Hiroshi-sensei."

"Well kids, say goodbye to your big sister."

Orihime gazed softly at her siblings as they wave goodbye to her and was proud when she saw that Ken is fighting back his tears. Yesterday, when she left, the twin's teacher called her and said that Ken won't stop crying and she, worried like hell, had this urge to come back and never left his side. But she reminded herself, as his

big sister, it's her job to make him a man so she left them without giving them a glance. Tsurugi, however, when she handed her to her teacher, didn't shed tears but her eyes turned glossy as if she's ready to cry anytime. She stubbornly kept an impassive face while biting her lips.

"Stubborn little kids," she whispered and giggled when Ken sniffed loudly to push back his snot.

She kissed their forehead lovingly and ruffled their hair, "Will you listen to your teacher for me?" they shook their head and Orihime send them her sweetest smile, "Grandpa will fetch you later," she stood up from her kneeling position and bowed, "Thank you sensei and please take care of them for me."

Hiroshi chuckled and patted her shoulder, "I will, I will. Now go, you'll be late."

She nodded and hugged her siblings for the last time then left.

She took out her cellphone as she left the day care and sighed in relief when she saw that she have five minutes left before the bus comes. Dragging her feet to the bus stop, she runs, clutching her katana as she ignored the curious looks of the people she passed by.

Nearing to her destination, she saw the bus coming near and quickened her pace. Luckily for her, she reached the bus in time and entered, slightly out of breath as she scanned her card and made her way to one of the poles.

She let out a sigh of relief when she saw that there are few people inside the bus. Yesterday, it was cramped and she felt like being inside a can of sardines with addition of sweat and smelly perfumes. Though old people throw her nervous gazes especially to her katana, they didn't try anything perverted on her which is a very good thing.

Finally regaining her breath, she adjusted the bag on her back and scanned her surroundings. She noted that there are Karasuno students riding the same bus with her, mostly girls and they seemed to be blushing? Curious, she take a look to the person they are ogling at and found a tall guy with glasses. He's very tall, maybe 6'2 or 6'3? And admittedly, he is a cool guy with good looks. The headphones dangling on his neck is an addition to his charm. Beside him is a freckled guy with short black hair.

"Ne, Tsukki, the girl with katana is looking at us," Yamaguchi whispered.

Tsukishima shot a girl a quick glance, "Ignore her if you're scared."

Orihime watched them curiously and was surprised when the glasses guy looked her way even just for a second. It was weird, she thought but she's used to it. Losing her interest to him, her eyes flickered to his friend and blinked when she caught the freckled guy's eyes at her, causing him to blush a little. The freckled guy didn't cast his eyes away from her and Orihime took this chance to smile at him, remembering that first impression is important.

She tilted her head, amused, when the guy's cheeks turned crimson and hastily looked away.

'The freckled guy is more interesting than glasses guy,' she thought as she leaned her head to the pole. She peeked on the window, 'We're near.'

Stretching her back a little, she placed her palm on the edge of the hilt of her katana and wait for the bus to stop. The bus halted and the students rushed to the exit. Orihime waited patiently for all of them to leave before she let herself out of the bus.

It took her ten minutes to reach the school. She went straight to her shoe locker, change and made her way to her classroom with a fast-pace strut. She slid the door open and all eyes, once again, focused on her but she pay no heed to them this time as her eyes busy scanning the room, looking for a familiar orange head.

"Uwooh! Taira-san! Ohayou!"

Orihime squeaked which she didn't expect would come out of her mouth. She's a woman trained to be a swordsman and for her not to sense this guy who shines the brightest in this room, she was stunned.

She turned around and was met with a grinning Hinata Shouyou.

She blinked her eyes twice, confusion etched on her face. If she heard it correct, he just called her by her last name.

"Taira-san? You there?"

Returning to her senses, she asked, "You know me?"

"Of course!" he grinned. "You're my seatmate, Taira Orihime!"

She stared at him, dumbfounded and in the background, her classmates started to whisper to each other.

The truth is, she didn't expect nor see this coming. She imagined herself initiating the first conversation since she thought Hinata doesn't know her yet. She imagined herself introducing herself to him not him greeting her with a good morning and calling her by her last name. She imagined herself being ignored by him. But now...she knows now that the fact Hinata was there, standing in front of her, blinding her with his smile, there's nothing to fear anymore.

She bit the insides of her cheek then let out a shaky breath, "I-I apologize for my rudeness. Good-good morning to you too, Hinata-san"

"You can remove the 'san' on my name! Hinata. Call me Hinata!" He beamed, showing his white pearls.

Orihime was breathless.

A smile so honest and pure was something she didn't deserve to see. The warmth it sends inside her heart was something she didn't deserve to feel. What she only wanted was to know him and befriend him but

for him to show his wonderful smile so early and fast, it was unexpected.

He gave her the permission to call his name without suffix and it was an honour for her to call someone so friendly. Though deep inside, she thought, she's not worthy to receive this kind of blessing.

But there's nothing wrong if she say it just for once?

"Hinata" she breathed and for the first time, she felt her heart welled in happiness just because of a name. It was foreign to her tongue

I want to say it again.

She looked straight into his eyes and she could feel her lips upturned.

His smile is contagious.

She was truly blessed. It was only her second day of her high school but she will forever engrave this moment inside her mind. She will never forget this.

Maybe its fate that she end up in this class, maybe its fate that she end up sittted in the back of the class and maybe its fate that she end up meeting him.

Maybe just maybe, this is the sign of a new friendship.

* * *

><p>I didn't intend to turn it into drama. It just did.

****I tried my best not to make it too cliché and I think I failed. The reason why I made her not having a single friend is because I was inspired by Gon and Killua of HunterxHunter. Killua's first friend is Gon and it's the same with him. ****

Now you know my Character's name! About Tsurugi and Ken, their english name is 'sword' (their name has the same meaning) while Saya is 'scabbard'. Ryuu is a dragon constellation and since Orihime is a 'vega' one of the brightest star, I took a name from one of the constellation. Their last name Taira came from a famous samurai. I forgot his name :3

And about my writing style, I'm quite rusty of it as of now. But I'll make sure to edit this and improved the next chapter.

Reviews are appreciated. I need your suggestions and thoughts. Thank you.

3. The Princess meets the King

**I sneaked out just to update XD wahaha, my mom won't allow me to sleep late even though I'm already a college student. /sigh. Anyways, quite a long chapter this is. And it really took me four days just to

finish this and ended up not having enough sleep
:3**

JeffdebrudgeFR - Thank you for your words! They are really encouraging *sniff* If only you know how happy I am!

Reimaru - Thank you for reading this! I'm glad you like this! I'm really nervous on my OC since it's my first time writing her XD

**smileycoleen - yeah right *snort* thanks to me that you're fangirling Tsukishima! **

Kunieda - Thank you for telling me about the twins!

ENJOY! I was out of my mind while writing the last part so sorry for my grammatical errors and possible OOC!

disclaimer: Haikyuu! is not mine!

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><p>"Wishing to be friends is quick work, but friendship is a slow ripening fruit." -Aristotle

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><p>"Ne, Taira-san."<p>

"Hm?"

"Have you joined a club?"

Orihime paused halfway through digging her chopsticks on her food and raised her head to look at her new friend. She shook her head indicating she did join a club while she watched, amused, as Hinata chewed his food like a squirrel eating a chestnut. He seemed to be in hurry since he gulped it down with one go.

It was lunch time and Hinata surprised her again when he asked her to eat lunch with her. She didn't expect Hinata to invite her since he has other friends to eat with and thought he'd prefer going with the boys. He just suddenly shouted 'Let's eat together!' and pulled out his lunch box wrapped in a cute cloth with cat patterns on it. She didn't bother commenting on the design, afraid that he might get offended.

She jumped a little when Hinata suddenly speak with food still inside his mouth, "I jwoirnd dvi vwolleyberl clurb!" he gulped, "How about you? What club did you join?"

_ 'Volleyball club' as expected of him, '_ swallowing her food, she answered, "Kendo club."

Hinata's face glowed and Orihime refused to look away from his sparkling aura, "Sug-sugoooi! Is it because you have katana that you joined Kendo club? Why are you bringing a katana anyway? It's so cool you know! I thought weapons are not allowed inside the school? Wouldn't be the vice-principal get mad?"

Orihime felt a little dizzy with all the questions being thrown by him but she tried her best to answer them one by one, "N-not exactly. My grandfather trained me to be a swordsman ever since I was young so I chose a club that is best suited with my skills. Um, yes, weapons are not allowed but surprisingly, the vice-principal allowed me. He was mad at first but when I mentioned hisâ€" "

"Hinata!"

They both turned to the door and Orihime saw a guy who has gray hair and a beauty mark near his right eye, on his hand is a ball for volleyball.

"Hinata! It's time to practice!" the gray-haired man informed him and Hinata quickly stood up from his seat, an excited grin plastered on his face. He turned to Orihime, "How about you come with us? We're going to practice volleyball!"

Orihime smiled and waved her hands in front of her, "I refuse. I don't want to bother your practice with my presence."

"I don't mind! Come on!" Hinata insisted and since Orihime cannot resist the wide grin he is giving her, she had no choice but to comply. She nodded and Hinata took her wrist, pulling her with him outside the classroom.

"Hello, Sugawara-san!" Hinata greeted and Sugawara smiled at him.

"So you brought a friend," he said and Orihime suddenly got nervous.

"Yeah. This is Taira Orihime, my classmate, seatmate and friend!"

Orihime eyes widened a fraction when she heard the word 'friend' from his mouth. It wasâ€|nice to hear especially when it sounds so sincere.

"Its fine if she comes with us, right?"

"Of course," Sugawara said and shot the girl a kind smile, "It's nice to meet you. I'm Sugawara Koushi, third year, Class 4."

"I-It's a pleasure to meet you as well," she stammered with a small blush staining her cheeks.

"Yosh, Let's go!" Hinata shouted excitedly as he raised his fist in the air.

Sugawara sighed on his overflowing enthusiasm. "Yes, yes."

They started to walk and Orihime followed next to them. As they sauntered down the corridor filled with students, Orihime make it a tendency to become sensitive of her surroundings -courtesy of her grandfather-. She detected the questioning looks people are giving them, mainly on her. She could hear their loud whispers and she noted how other students avoid her like a plague. She clutched her katana in habit, her thumb readily placed inside the sword guard (Kokuichi '1').

Sugawara noticed the tense atmosphere radiating around them and peeked at the silent girl beside him. He's curious why a fragile girl like her brings a dangerous weapon like its normal for a high school student to have one. There are rumours flying around the school that concerns a first-year student bringing a katana whose goal is to take over the school. Now that he literally saw the person they are talking about, he couldn't imagine this girl doing anything beyond cruel. She looks like she can't even hurt a fly!

Arriving on the vacant spot near the gym, Hinata and Sugawara changed their shoes into their outdoors and didn't waste time to start practicing. They started with Sugawara spiking the ball and Hinata receiving all of his shots. They did this continuously until Hinata failed to receive it and then do it again. Orihime simply watched them on the side.

"By the way, Taira-san!" Hinata started as he receives the ball, "You didn't finish answering my question."

Orihime blinked, _'I thought he already forgotâ€|'_

"How did you make the vice-principal agree?"

"Agree on what?" Sugawara asked.

Hinata caught the ball and grinned, "About her katana. You know how stingy the vice-principal is, Sugawara-san!" he throws the ball at him.

Sugawara cringed when he remembered the wig incident.

Orihime paused for a moment, putting a finger on her chin in thought, "I don't know butâ€| after I mentioned that his wig is slightly unaligned, he just unexpectedly said that I can bring my katana at school as long as I stay ignorant on what I saw."

She then heard a loud snort from Hinata.

"W-what? Why?"

Hinata put a hand on his mouth as he tried to contain his laughter while Sugawara paled in mortification, remembering what happened yesterday and the promise of shutting their mouths about the vice-principal's deepest secret.

"Did I say something funny?" she cocked her head on the side and stared at Hinata who is still trying to force himself not to laugh.

Sugawara laughed nervously, "Ignore him, ignore himâ€|" he then whispered loudly to the red head, "Oi, Hinata, stop thinking about it!"

"I-I'm sorry, Sugawara-sanâ€|pfft."

Orihime's features lightened, "So you noticed it too, Hinata?"

Hinata viciously shook his head and Sugawara sighed, "Actually, we

both suffered the same fate yesterday. The only difference was when Hinata received the ball it backfired and hit the vice-principal. And well, you should know what happened next," he explained, careful not to bring up the word 'wig' in fear that someone might hear them.

Orihime giggled behind her hand, imagining the vice-principal's wig flying off his head.

"Now that you know, we both need to shut our mouths and never talk about it again."

Orihime and Hinata both got serious and nodded.

Sugawara smiled, "All right. Now return to practice Hinata."

Hinata beamed, "Osu!"

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><p>"Thanks for taking out the trash!" Hinata shouted as he made his way to the door. "Bye Taira-san!"<p>

She was about to open her mouth to reply but he already left, leaving her words hanging on the air. He still had energy left after all the practice he made during lunch time; it made her worried that he might collapse if he pushes himself so hard.

"Wait Hinata-kun! You forgot your papers!" their class president ran to the door and yelled in vain.

'Papers? '

"Geez, that red head, does he want to fail? And it's only the second day of school for goodness sake!"

"Um, Teuchiâ€|san?" the class principal turned around upon hearing her name and nearly screamed when the person she badly wanted to avoid was now standing in front of her.

"Y-y-yes?!" she squeaked and Orihime frowned at her obvious fear. Still, she smiled nonetheless, "I can give Hinata's paper to him if it is alright with you. I am on my way to my club anyway."

Teuchi nodded stiffly and shakily give the papers to Orihime who gladly accepted it. "Thank you," she bowed. "Please take care of yourself Teuchi-san."

* * *

><p>The door is slightly open and Orihime is contemplating on what to do.<p>

_'Should I knock or open the door? They might not hear me if I knock but it's rude to just open the door. But grandpa always says that I should mind my manners wherever I am or whatever happens.' _

Dragging a hand on her bangs, she groaned, _'Knock it is,' _ she frowned, _'Stupid grandpa, why is it until here I always had to follow you.' _

Taking a deep breath, she poised a hand to the door. She knocked as loudly as she can and waited for a while. When no one came, she tried to knock again but the door abruptly slid open making her step back on the stairs.

"Can I help you?"

Orihime saw many beautiful women all her life, thanks to her mother who is a make-up artist. But compared to those women painted with colourful make-up, the lady in front of her is the prettiest person she ever met.

She gulped, _'A goddess!'_

Regaining her composure, she stood straight and bravely looked at the beautiful person in the eyes. She suddenly feels ashamed standing before her.

"I-I apologized for interfering your practice but I am here forâ€"

"Oh! Taira-san!"

She blinked and her mouth curved upward upon seeing a familiar face, "Sugawara-san."

"Visiting so fast huh."

"You know her?" the beautiful woman asked and Orihime didn't fail to see the quick look she made on her katana. She sighed mentally in relief when she didn't show signs of guardedness on her. The beautiful woman keeps an impassive face and Orihime took it as a positive sign.

"Ah, she's Taira Orihime," he introduced and Taira bowed in respect, "And Taira-san, this is Shimizu Kiyoko, our manager."

"Nice to meet you," Shimizu said and held out her hand. Taira grasped it firmly, "Nice to meet you too, Shimizu-san."

"So, what brings you here?" Sugawara asked with a smile.

"I am actually looking for Hinataâ€"

"Suga-san! Why are you taking so loâ€"

The man with bald head stood frozen on his spot and the three, confused, take a look at him with questioning gaze.

Sugawara shrugged and turned his attention back to Orihime, "Why are you looking for him?"

"W-Wait, him, I-I mean-, I-Is heâ€"

"Don't mind him, he's fine." Shimizu assured her with a small smile.

"Oi, what's happening here?"

"Ah, Daichi," Sugawara stepped aside and Orihime swallowed a lumped on her throat when the person called Daichi appeared in front of her with such a superior aura. He looks gentle on her eyes but Orihime knew when a person is truly respected with just one glance. And this person is no doubt one of them.

She is 100% sure that this is their Captain.

"I'm here for Hinata Shouyou!" Orihime blurted out rapidly and flinched when Daichi laughed. Being surrounded by three upperclass-men is giving her too much pressure. This is too much for her heart to take! She can handle two person a day but three, no four? And top of that higher year than her? This is downright ridiculous. She had this feeling, when she and Hinata became friends that she has to be ready for something. Now she knew what she was to be ready for.

"I'm sorry but new club members are to be introduced next week and won't be here until then."

"Eh?" her eyebrows drew together and looked at Sugawara, "but I thoughtâ€"

"Are you a friend of Hinata's?" Daichi suddenly asked and Orihime looked at him, puzzled on his unexpected question.

"Yesâ€|yes, I am," she answered and felt a little proud on telling someone that she and Hinata are friends. It's her first timeâ€|

Daichi quirked an eyebrow, "He didn't tell you about his competition on Saturday?"

Orihime shook her head, "He didn't mention anything. He only told me he joined volleyball club."

"I see," he smiled, "Well, I think he's out there somewhere practicing with Kageyama. Why are you looking for him anyway?"

"I'm here to give him his papersâ€"she paused then asked, "I'm sorry but do you know what time is it?"

"4:30." Shimizu said and Orihime's eyes widened.

"I-I have to go," she said and then gave a gracious bow to them, "Thank you and sorry for the inconvenience," she stood up straight, "I must take my leave,"

"Take care Taira-san." Sugawara smiled lightly and Orihime nodded, "I will."

* * *

><p>Orihime came into a conclusion that she doesn't like Kendo club, especially its members.<p>

'Just because you have a katana, doesn't mean you're good at it.'

_'Do you think you're superior because you hold the name Taira? Your

grandfather may be top-class but how about you? Just the look of your body, I think you have no chance against us.'_

_ 'To know if you're worthy, I challenge you on a match on Saturday. Don't you dare run Taira-san.'_

As if she's going to run!

That stupid, arrogant club president is going down and she'll show him what she's capable of. She thought the president called her for something important but when she came, she was met with big-headed fools who thought they are good at everything. She wasted her time listening to their insults and lame excuses on why she should follow their orders without complaints.

_ 'We are your senpai so you better listen to us.'_

She huffed indignantly when she remembered those idiots' words; she would rather cut her tongue with her sword than to call them on something they didn't deserve. Her upperclass-man showed her what training the members are doing and even showed-off their skills through sparring. All the time she kept a pokerfaced while inside, she was holding a snort. She admits their good but to make small mistakes and tripped on a flat surface, they still have many ways to go.

However, she felt a little bad on making fun on them, (though she didn't show it) she experienced the same thing and made the same mistakes but the difference isâ€| there is no scary grandfather giving them hellish punishment.

She shivered when she remembered how her grandpa made her swing the shinai(2) one thousand times and when he find her swing ungraceful â€"that's what he always said- he would make her repeat it again one thousand times. And he was there just sitting and glaring holes at her the whole time until she finished swinging. She shook her head, trying to erase the unwanted memories of the past. It was over now and she improved a lot so she won't make the same of mistakes.

She smiled to herself, that's right, she could now say she's strong even if her grandpa says she's as weak as a rabbit and he can beat her even with just one hand.

"One more!"

Orihime stopped on her tracks when her ears perked up on the familiar voice she knew so well.

"I told you not to receive the ball with your face, stupid Hinata!"

"It's dark already! What do you expect?!"

"Just go to your position and receive it with your damn hand!"

Searching on the source of the voice, she saw two boys playing volleyball in the field. Her face brightened when she caught the sight of red head.

'It's Hinata!' her mouth curved upward and she immediately made her way on the two, stopping when she got near them.

"Hinata!" she called and the boy turned his head to her, his eyes shining in recognition.

"Uwaaaah! Taira-sa~"

The ball suddenly hit him straight in the face.

Orihime gasped, appalled on the clean hit the raven haired had made on Hinata. She instantly went to his side and kneeled to check his condition. Hinata clutched his cheek in pain and Orihime started to panic. _'Should I call the ambulance?! 911?! CPR? Is he dead?!'_

"D-don't die yet Hinata!" she cried. Hinata only groaned in response.

"He's not going to die."

Orihime looked up and blinked owlshly on the boy who just hit Hinata. She wanted to be mad at him, scold him for what he did, threatened him or anything but she decided she could do that later and tend to Hinata's needs first.

"A katana?" the raven-haired man asked out of the blue, "Why are you bringing something so dangerous?" he raised his eyebrows in curiosity while he eyed the katana on her waist.

"E-eh?" her blue eyes widened in surprise and the raven-haired looked back with his bored, narrowed eyes, "Oh! Um, it's because~|actually-, uh~" she looked anywhere but him, her mind seeking for a suitable answer despite her present panic state. She expected him to helped Hinata on his poor shape and not nonchalantly asked her something so unrelated to what is currently happening!

"Ugh~|"

Orihime instantly returned her attention to her friend, mentally glad from the distraction, "Are you alright?" she asked worriedly as she stared at his reddening cheek.

Hinata rubbed his cheek with his palm as he sat up from his lying position, "I'm fine~|" he then leapt on his feet as if nothing happened and glared at the guy behind her, "Seriously Kageyama! Why do you have to vent all your frustrations on me?"

Kageyama clicked his tongue and turned his back on him to pick the innocent ball on the floor.

"Oi, don't ignore me Kageyama!"

'Kageyama?'

"The 'King'?" Orihime whispered and Hinata flinched when he heard the word 'king' from her mouth. He instantly placed a finger on his lips, signalling her to keep quiet. Orihime narrowed her eyes in puzzlement, wondering why Hinata looks so scared.

Then it hit her— she recalled what Hinata told her about the Karasuno's setter, _'His nickname is the King of the Court! It's so cool but Kageyama doesn't like to be called 'King'— So don't call him that! Ok? He's really scary when mad!'_

"Oi, Hinata."

Hinata flinched, "H-h-hai?"

Kageyama glared darkly at him, his eyes promising another pain from hell. Hinata's body shook in fear and Orihime frowned at the 'King'. She doesn't like how he looked at Hinata.

She stood up, "Kageyama-san. "

Kageyama directed his evil glare at her making her body stiffened and clumped her mouth shut. So this is the 'scary' Hinata was talking about. If looks could kill, it will be an instant death for them.

He could even match his grandpa's deadly glare!

She gulped and bravely held her ground. She experienced this many times and will not easily cower in fear. Hinata, on the other hand, hid behind Orihime's smaller frame while he watches the events unfold.

"You—" she paused and thought for a moment. She has to be careful of her words to avoid adding fuel on fire; he gives the impression of snapping easily when pushed to the extent. Unluckily for them, it seems like today is his bad day.

Focusing her eyes on him, she tilted up her chin and said with stillness on her voice, "Kageyama-san. You should have at least said sorry to Hina—"

"T-Taaaira-san! Isn't it dark already? Shouldn't we head home?" Hinata cut her off and wound his arm to hers to gain her attention. Orihime blinked her blue eyes at him and was about to protest when she saw Hinata's brown pleading eyes.

She couldn't say no.

She looked up in the night sky filled with stars and sighed tiredly. She should really go home, her siblings for sure is worried.

Smiling warmly on Hinata, she said, "You're right," she looked at Kageyama and gave him a knowing look. Understanding the message the girl is giving him; he shrugged and looked away and went to grab his bag.

Hinata let out a sigh of relief and removed his arm to hers, "Kageyama is really in bad mood," he commented with a small pout, "Why is he always getting so mad whenever people calls him by that cool nickname? I would be happy if I were him!"

Orihime chuckled lightly, "Hinata— there are some things people wanted to forget. I think Kageyama-san's nickname triggered those memories."

Hinata looked at her with sparkling eyes, "You're so cool saying those words Taira-san!"

Orihime's face reddened.

"Let's go." Kageyama interrupted rudely.

"Oh wait! My bag and bike!" Hinata took his bag on the ground while Kageyama didn't bother to wait for him and started walking. Orihime waited patiently on the boy as he gets his bike and they both catch up on Kageyama.

"How will you get home Taira-san?" Hinata asked, shattering the awkward silence of the creepy evening.

"I ride the bus," she smiled and grasped the edge of her red scarf to cover her mouth. She's not a fan of cold temperature. "My house is not that far, just two stops from here." She then darted her eyes to look at the brooding male beside her, "How about you Kageyama-san?"

"I walk," was his only reply and Orihime nodded. She mentally patted herself on the back, proud that she initiated the conversation. She made sure to stay calm and collected though deep inside, she feels extremely uneasy and slowly dying. She was surprised that she's not yet stuttering due to anxiety.

Waiting for a few minutes to lessen the awkwardness of the atmosphere, she started quite hesitantly, "I think I didn't introduce myself yet," she said carefully, "I'm Taira Orihime."

"Kageyama Tobio."

She slightly frowned at his jaded response and looked at her friend in question. He only shrugged but shot her an encouraging smile. It never failed to lighten her mood.

"We're here!" Hinata exclaimed when they reached the bus stop. "We're going to wait here with you until the bus comes, right Kageyama?"

It took him thirty seconds to reply, "Yeahâ€¦"

Orihime smiled lightly, grateful that they are concern about her. Although she's not sure if Kageyama is really concern, nevertheless, she's grateful that he, at least, agreed to wait until the bus arrive. Still, she didn't want to trouble themâ€¦

"Thank you for your concern but I'm capable of taking care of myself," she pointed at her katana for evidence, "I doubt people will even try to harm me. Besides, I don't want to take your time. I'm sure the two of you are both exhausted."

Hinata scowled, "No! You're still a girl Taira-san! It's not right to leave you here."

Orihime dipped her mouth lower on her scarf and giggled, "If you insist then," she said softly and sweetly smiled. "Thank you," she whispered with such gentleness.

She hid a smile when she saw their cheeks flushed with embarrassment,

amused that with such simple two words, their faced turned cherry. Her blue orbs sparkled in fascination while she watches Kageyama's baffled expression and Hinata's burning face. It was interesting actually and if she's lucky enough or once she found out the trick to their weird faces, she might as well do it again.

_ 'My second day will soon endâ€|'_ she realized and admittedly, small part of her is kind of disappointed that this amazing day will end. Bur despite its end, another beginning is waiting.

After all, that is one of the most important parts of living.

It was another memorable moment on her second day, another experience to be thankful for and another memory to be treasured.

_ 'Maybe Hinata is an angel in disguise... He looks like one especially when he smiles.'_

She smiled as she looked up in the night sky, _ 'Thank you for seeing past my darkness and my terrible light, Hinataâ€|'_

* * *

><p>*coughs* so uh, yeah, uhm, how is it? Good? Bad? I'm aware that my grammar is quite crappy in this chapter so sorry about that... It's 12:40am in my clock right now and I did my very best to write my imagination. I hope you like it though. I'll edit the major stuff once I wake up!

anyway, enough of my stupid worries, here is the information!

(1) The part of the entrance of the sheath is called a Koikuchi. Because it has a shape like the mouth of the carp. A sword is pulled out a little when a sword guard is pushed with the thumb of the left hand. This is called "Cut a Koikuchi"

(2) shinai - bamboo sword

I originally planned for Tsukki to appear on this chapter, the scene when the trio arrived at the bus stop. But oh well, I got tired and decided to show him next chapter, hopefully having a conversation with our dear OC. Kageyama is not talkative here since he's really annoyed on what happened between him and Tsukki. Don't worry though ;) I'll make sure he'll be livelier XD

sorry about the ending...

REVIEW!

THANK YOU FOR READING!

4. The Star's dim light with The Moon

Another long chapter. What the hell is happening to me?! I'm sorry for the late update! I have many things to do and still in the process of editing other people's work. I'm busy like hell!

**I'm sorry for the grammatical errors! I sucked at the tenses shit

and I am not in the state of editing this as of now. I am tired...like physically and mentally tired! My tummy is aching (stupid kaldereta), my head is aching (lack of sleep) and my feet is aching (I walked miles because of the parade). And I know the ending(again) is not good...I guess? But still read it!**

THAAAAAAAANKS TO ALL THE PEOPLE WHO FOLLOWED, FAVE AND REVIEWED! I AM SHOCKED! AS IN SHOOOOOCKED THAT I RECEIVED MANY RESPONSES! *sniff* let me cry dear readers! This is too much for me! I never thought people will like this *sniff* THAAAANK YOU!

About this chapter *ahem* well, this is my first time writing a suspense and a sarcastic person(you know who) so this is, again, is a challenge for me. I'm sorry for the OOC! You'll see another side of Taira!

THANKS TO Reimaru for helping me with Tsukki!

disclaimer: Haikyuu is not mine!

* * *

><p>"The best way to find out if you can trust somebody is to trust them."• Ernest Hemingway

* * *

><p>Taira Orihime gripped firmly on the steel pole with her clammy hand, while the other rested on the hilt of her katana. From the time she entered the bus and sauntered to where she stood right now; all she did was glare abhorrently on the ground, half aware on how the people around her throw her a nervous look and stayed away from her as far as possible and half aware on the pregnant woman sitting next to the window just one seat away from where she is currently standing. She would be impressed on the brave woman for showing no fear and apologize for her unintentional rudeness only if she is not on the verge of hitting her head on the pole she was holding with her dear life.<p>

Her grandfather informed her this morning to contain herself, be conscious of her environment and calm her troubled mind. He must have noticed her stressful state and felt her apprehension when she entered the kitchen and greeted him with her scratchy voice that appeared so out of place with her usual composed features. She was touched on his strange version of comfort and teased him a little for acting weird but unfortunately, she was rewarded of colourful remarks and insults for making their breakfast crappy because of her horrible aura.

In truth, she was not aware of it until her siblings told her she was scary.

That, of course, left a crack on her heart.

However, that's not the reason why she is emitting a depressing aura.

She messed up and it's her fault. She doesn't know how she'll show her shameful self in front of Hinata and she doesn't know how she'll

take his disgusted face once he found out how failure she was as a friend.

They were together last night and the memory of giving Hinata's homework was thrown off somewhere in the river. She is so ashamed of herself for forgetting something very important.

She is his friend and yet she forgot.

She doesn't deserve to be his friend.

She doesn't deserve to see his smile.

"How stupid am I?" she muttered and leaned her head on the pole. Still, in order to fix and clean her conscience, she answered Hinata's homework in order to compensate for her stupid actions.

The bus stopped and Orihime watched the people exited the bus cautiously. Must be because of her, she thought. She glanced at the old woman who just entered the bus and took a sit next to the pregnant woman who smiled sweetly at her. It was unusual to have only one passenger on this stop but she ignored it. She's more focused on her current predicament.

She closed her eyes and pressed her forehead on the cold steel of the pole. When she opened her eyes and peeked at the old woman who just entered, she frowned in wonder. It was strange, she detected, why the old woman sat next to the beautiful pregnant lady when there are more vacant seats she could choose. The bus is nearly empty and the only person inside the bus is her, two female students and the two guys she met yesterday. Maybe they are relatives? No, the way the lady smiled is simple and no sign of recognition. Also, it was quite strained.

She dragged her eyes on the window when the bust started moving. She glimpse on the old woman again and gritted her teeth when she smiled innocently at her. She immediately looked away for being caught red-handed but still took a risk in looking at her on the corner of her eyes.

Unexpectedly, she felt dread run over her body. It was strange, she thought but her instincts told her to be cautious of the suspicious old woman and keep a closer look on the pregnant lady. She always follows her instincts and today is not an exception.

She bit the inside of her cheek when she tried to know what's going on between them. The seats in front of them are blocking her view on their lower body. She moved her body slightly on the left, taking note of the student's position and expression. They didn't seem to care nor notice something suspicious and luckily, they are near the door. It made her job easier.

Her breathe hitch when she heard a soft whimper to her right and carefully, acting like she didn't hear anything, she faced her whole body to the window. After counting mentally to three, she calmed herself and started thinking of the crucial possibilities of what will happen if she ever takes some action.

She bit her tongue, keeping her eyes focused on the window, _'Going to where they are to know what is happening is not an option nor

trying to talk to them is not safe either.'_

She takes a look on the pregnant lady and the hand resting on the hilt of her katana slid alertly on its scabbard. She is sweating, she noticed and her eyes showed obvious fear.

'_What are you doing old woman?!'_

Her eyes widened a fraction when the pregnant lady's brown eyes connected with hers, and she knew, then and there that she have to do something. _Anything._

_She is afraid. __**Afraid**__. I need to help her._

She tightened her hold on her katana and eyed the old woman impassively. The smiling old woman is doing something extremely unpleasant to her, she's certain of it.

But what?!

She observes the eyes of the pregnant lady and it looked dreadfully worried on her round stomach.

Don't tell meâ€|

"Grandmaâ€|" she started, her voice sounded steel and ominous. She locked her eyes coldly on the old woman's gray one, making her known that she was caught on act. The old woman flinched and Taira felt a little satisfied.

But it's not enoughâ€|not enough.

"Take your hands off her or _I'll kill you_."

She uttered those words with so much malice, with so much odium that it send shivered down their spine. The pregnant lady's body shook maybe due to fear and the old woman shrink back to where she sits, her wrinkled face screams horror.

She didn't intend to scare them, but it just happened soâ€| so _naturally_, and she didn't like it. Not one bit.

_She did it __**again**__._

The bus stopped again, indicating that she reached her stop and on her peripheral vision, she saw the female students whispered with each other and immediately leaves the bus. The two boys, however, stared at her for a moment but the freckled guy dragged his friend out.

She has to end this quickly.

"I'm sorry for my behaviour and my wordsâ€|I-I justâ€|" she trailed off and heaved out a shaky breath. "We have our own reasons for our actions whether it's good or bad, butâ€|" she looked at the old woman with glossy blue eyes, "what you are doing is not rightâ€|"

"Please leave the bus with me, grandma," she declared firmly, "It will benefit both of us if you come with me."

She smiled thinly when she saw her hesitation, "I will not harm you."

The old woman didn't say anything but stood up from her seat and hid the knife she was holding on her left hand to her purse. The pregnant lady sighed in relief, rubbing her bulging stomach while whispering comforting words to her baby. She looked up and smiled gratefully on Taira. She returned it with her soft one and jumped slightly when the pregnant lady surprisingly stood up.

She laughed lightly and said, "This is my stop too."

"Oi, are you going to get out or what?!" the driver roared in annoyance.

"My apologies," Taira said with a bow. "Please wait for a moment. I have to assist them."

"Whatever. Just get out."

* * *

><p>"You're very kind, dear."<p>

"What?"

"Let me guessâ€| You gave your whole allowance to Obaa-san, no?"

"â€|"

"I'll take your silence as a yes! Oh, right! How stupid of me! We didn't have time to introduce each other a while ago even though we've been together like, um, forever! You're kind of scary so I find it hard to start the conversation, forgive me? I'm Sawada Kazue. How about you, dear? What's your name?"

"Tairaâ€| Orihime."

"So you're a princess," she muttered, checking her body up and down. "Your name suits you, young lady. But it's weird for a princess to have a katana."

"I am no princess, Sawada-san," she countered as she guided Sawada on the staircase leading to the second floor of the school. "And what makes you think that I am one?"

"You held yourself with grace unlike some of the female students around us." Taira only blinked and Sawada explained further. "I mean, you speak so politely that I feel so old and you walk with your chin up high in the sky! Don't you feel tired? Because I will feel tired acting like that the whole day." she pouted as she tightened her hold to Taira's arm when they reached the last step.

Taira smiled lightly, amused at her jolly attitude. She was pleased to know that the fear she once wore on her face is now converted to a cheerful and lively attitude. She even admires her brave personality, for understanding and listening to the old woman's reason for her terrible deeds.

Even if her baby was threatened, she still chose to help grandma.

"Perhaps it was because of how I was raised," Sawada shot her an attentive look and Taira continued. She was way older than her but she acts like a child. "My grandfather is a strict person."

Sawada leaned closer, "And?"

Taira only smiled which made Sawada pout like a kid. "No fair, Taira-chan!" she slapped her arm gently. "Tell me more!"

"Are you not exhausted, Sawada-san?" Taira asked when she noticed Sawada's slowing pace. "You are bearing a child. It will be bad for the baby if you get tired and pushed yourself to your limit."

"Oh, shush you!" she slapped her arm again, gaining some of the student's attention. "I am a strong woman who is capable of taking care of my own well being. And who are you to tell me what I should do? Hm? And why did you change the topic!"

"I am only conceâ€" "

"You don't have to! All you have to do is to help me reach the faculty room and tell me more about yourself!"

"Iâ€| I refuse."

"What? Why?"

"It includes telling my personal information, doesn't it?"

"Well, yesâ€| but that's the point!" she paused and narrowed her eyes at her. "You don't know anything about friendship, do you?"

Taira didn't reply and nervously averted her blue eyes from her brown ones to the students wandering around the corridor.

"Seriously?! With that beautiful face and awesome body you don't have aâ€" "

"We're here, Sawada-san," she cut her off, feeling somewhat embarrassed on her outburst about herâ€|physical appearance. She has too much energy for someone who was threatened and walked miles to reach the school. And do not forget the fact that she's pregnant.

Her baby will be an energetic child.

Sawada sighed and clung tightly on Taira's arm. "How about you skip your classes and stay with me for a while?" she proposed, tearing up a little for a puppy dog effect.

Taira stepped back, not expecting her to nail her weakness. She could feel her heart reaching out for her. But her mind strongly disapproves on her heart.

Shaking her head, she peeled herself away from the pregnant woman. "I'm sorry but I can't." she coughed on her hand. "I had a good time with you, Sawada-san. Please take care of yourself."

She didn't bother waiting for her reply and turned on her heels to leave. Fast.

If she stayed any longer she'll lose their battle.

And that "curse her pride- is unacceptable on her part.

"Take care, Taira-chan! Fate will connect us so there's nowhere to run! You can run but you cannot hide from me!"

Taira nearly tripped on her feet and blushed when she heard her laugh of doom. Students who are loitering outside the classroom laughed at the scene, making her want to run somewhere to hide her discomfort.

She hadn't feel so embarrass on her entire life.

* * *

><p>Taira sighed tiredly as she walked towards her classroom. Her morning is somewhat interesting and quite thrilling that she spent most of her energy than usual. Even though she wanted to buy some food to regain her strength, she has no money since she gave her whole allowance to grandma.<p>

'_Speaking of grandma, I wonder if she's alright.' _She still can't believe that the old woman resorted to committing crimes just for her grandchildren to have something to eat. Grandma is lucky that she's the one who caught her or else she'll

She'll end up in jail.

When people are desperate, they end up taking some drastic measures.

"Taira-saaaaan!"

"Stupid! You're too loud, dumbass!"

"Ow! Why did you hit me?!"

"Because you're stupid! Stupid!"

Taira looked up from the ground, only to see Hinata and Kageyama in a heated glaring contest.

"Hinata?" she called, successfully interrupting their fight. She smiled when Hinata whipped his head towards her with a blinding, wide grin. Kageyama only scowled, tucking his hands on his pockets.

"Taira-saaan! Good morning!"

"Osu she'll "

"Good morning Hinata, Kageyama-san," she greeted sweetly as she neared them. "Both of you look tired she'll " she noticed. "Did something happen?"

Hinata and Kageyama flinched and started to sweat more while looking away from her with a sheepish look. It only made Taira more curious but decided not to push the question if they don't want to talk about it.

"It's a secret, I presume?" she guessed and giggled when Hinata looked at her guiltily. She shook her head and was about to say something, when a tall, familiar guy who also took the same bus as her suddenly appeared behind Hinata's back.

She was completely appalled on their height difference, especially to her.

She felt soâ€¦small.

"Oh, if it isn't the King and the shorty."

Hinata and Kageyama swiftly turned around.

"Don't call me shorty, Tsukishima!" exclaimed Hinata as he warily stepped back to stand beside Taira. Kageyama merely send the blonde a menacing glare, annoyed that he called him 'King'.

Taira silently watched their interaction with great fascination; her main focus is on the blonde who she thought is a cool guy who avoids conflict and stay cool for all she cares. He was exactly like the male character in a shoujo manga and her impression of him stayed like that until he spoke.

The words that came out from his lips instantly changed her view on him.

But when someone popped beside him, the guy who she found more interesting than the blonde, her eyes literally twinkled and if she ever have dog ears, it would perked up in attention.

'_It's him!'_

Taira watched the freckled guy with her blue eyes, curious on what kind of guy he is. He only stood beside Tsukishima, smiling and snickering when his friend said something funny â€"she doesn't found it funny actually- and praising him here and there only for the inconsiderate guy to shut him up.

'_What a jerk,' _she thought.

"Amazing, you're practicing even in the morning? Aren't you such good kids, not like it'll help you anyway," Tsukishima chuckled lightly and Taira's focus instantly averted to him. The twinkle on her eyes diminish, her eyes narrowing slightly after she heard that very offensive insult.

Kageyama snapped and opened his mouth to retort back, "You basâ€¦"

"Are you saying that their efforts are nothing but a waste, Tsukishima-san?" Taira spoke up as she looked at Tsukishima straight in the eyes. Hinata hid behind her, his eyes darting constantly between Tsukishima and his friend. Kageyama stared wide-eye on Taira, not expecting her to join in the conversation.

Tsukishima smirked, "I actually don't care about the match. Whether I win or not, I have nothing to lose."

Taira puffed out her chest a bit, refusing to back out at the invisible battle he just proposed, "Does that mean you'll not give your utmost effort?"

"Maybe," he shrugged then glanced at the katana she was holding tightly. He raised his eyebrows at her, smirking as he said, "Shouldn't you be more concern of yourself?"

Taira blinked and frowned slightly. He continued, "Rumours spreads fast, _kitsune-onna_."

"_Kitsune-onna? _W-what are youâ€œ"

As if on cue, the bell rang.

"I heard what you said," Taira's frown deepened. "Your words seems like it came from a suspense movie. It was like you really meant it." Tsukishima walked past her with his friend in tow. "I wouldn't be surprised if those girls thought you hurt the old woman."

Taira's breath hitched on her throat, realization dawned over her like tons of bricks. The two left without another word, leaving the three conflicting with different emotions.

Hinata tugged Taira's blazer, dragging her attention to him. "Taira-san," he started slowly. "What is he talking about?"

"Oi, Hinata. I'll be going," Kageyama interrupted. "Same place." Hinata nodded and Kageyama took one last glance on the flax-haired girl then left.

"Taira-san?"

Taira couldn't move. Her heart is beating erratically inside the cage of her ribs. She's scared, _scared_â€| Anxiety is slowly crawling inside her mind, taking away her calm composure. Negative thoughts swarmed here and there, doubts filling her supposed to be strong heart.

Hinata will hate me. Iâ€|I don't want that. What should I do? What should I say? How should I act? I don't know. I don't knowâ€|

Her train of thoughts was suddenly cut off when someone grabbed her hand.

"Taira-san!"

Taira gasped, turning to see Hinata looking at her worriedly.

"I-I don't know what happened between you and that creepy guy but remember what you said last night?" Taira didn't reply but Hinata beamed at her. "That there are some things people wanted to forget. I think you want to forget something but I don't know what it is. I won't force you to say anything you don't want to though, Taira-san!"

Taira studied his eyes for a moment, only to find pure sincerity and kindness. It helped ease the pain even if it was just slightly but fear still stay, eating her little by little.

He has the right to knowâ€|

"L-let's talk about it later," she said, quite nervously. "Is it alright?"

Hinata frowned, worried. "You don't have to force yourself, you know."

"It's better if you know," she smiled and tugged his hand. "Come on, let's go inside."

"Okâ€|"

He needs to know as early as possible or else, she didn't know when she'll be able to have the fortitude to confess all her deeds.

He deserves to knowâ€|because they are friends. She remembered her conversation with Sawada-san about friendship.

'_"You don't have to! All you have to do is to help me reach the faculty room and tell me more about yourself!"_

"_Iâ€| I refuse."_

"_What? Why?"_

"_It includes telling my personal information, doesn't it?"_

"_Well, yesâ€| but that's the point!" she paused and narrowed her eyes at her. "You don't know anything about friendship, do you?"_

Her knowledge about friendship is limited but she knew it has something to do with trust.

And she trust Hinataâ€|because they are friends.

Friends trust each other, doesn't it?

* * *

><p>OH DAMN THE ENDING! I was like, 'ok, let's end this like this and update this shit ASAP!' and it ended up like that... I am making no sense, right? I thought the same.

**Anyways, About Sawada Kazue... Kazue means 'blessing'. There's a reason why I named her like that! You'll know soon! I wonder if you like her? She'll appear again on the later chapters or maybe next chapter...who knows? It really depends on the flow. **

**This chapter is kind of DRAMATIC once again... I didn't mean to do that! REALLY! But I guess, Orihime needs to level up her friendship to Level 2! You can't call friendship, FRIENDSHIP, without trust, don't you think? And Tsukki is hard to write! HE'S REALLY HARD TO PORTRAY SINCE HE IS SO SASSY AND A JERK! But I love him! Haha, about Kageyama, ha has a small part here but HOPEFULLY, Taira and him will

have an interaction. I plan to appear Nishinoya on the next chapter! OHMYGAAAH! I'M EXCITED! I WISH HE WILL NEVER GROW UP AND STAY SMALL WITH HINATA! THEY ARE THE BABY CROWS! MY BABIES! oh, *ahem* pardon my craziness...**

OK, THAT'S ALL FOR NOW! Leave a review and tell me your thoughts! THANK YOU!

P.S. On june 10... *ahem* well, my birthday is coming and I just want to inform you all...I'll update on that day and make a long chapteeeer for everyone! Friendship fluff will be an extra cherry top! Yaaay! And more sassy Tsukki! And maybe Nishinoya? I don't knooooow~

**THANK YOU FOR READING! **

5. Shortcuts don't exist in Life

**I'M BAAACK! HELLA! I WAS GONE FOR A MONTH AND I WAS SUPPOSED TO UPDATE ON MY BIRTHDAY. I'M SUCH AN ASSHOLE. I'M SORRY FOR MY ABSENCE AND FOR NOT UPDATING. SOMETHING CAME UP AND I HAVE TO DEAL WITH IT MAN TO MAN. **

THANKS TO 'Reimaru' and 'Bergliot-senpai' for helping me! AND THANK YOU FOR ALL THE FOLLOWS, FAVS AND REVIEWS! I am so happy that you like my story *sobs* I mean, there are many amazing writers like Bergliot-senpai, hell I can't write like senpai! But you still read this and I don't know what to say. oh yeah, TRY TO READ 'OF SWANS AND APPLE TREES' by Bergliot! IT'S AWESOME LIKE asdfghjkl! I LOVE HOW SHE PORTRAYS NOYA, TSUKKI, HINATA AND EVERYONE! *whispers* especially Noya... READ IT! *blows kisses to everyone*

Enjoy! EXCUSE MY GRAMMATICAL ERROS AND POSSIBLE OOC!

revised date: 07/02/14

disclaimer: Haikyuu! is not mine!

* * *

><p>"There are no shortcuts to any place worth going."
-Beverly Sills

* * *

><p>"A-amazing, Taira-san! It's my first time having a perfect score!"<p>

"F-first time?!"

"Yup!"

"O-ohâ€¦!"

Hinata is still the same, smiling with so much happiness and sincerity and being an energetic ball of sunshine, he kept on talking and moving impishly on his chair. It made her insides warm, a comforting feeling that she hold into until now. After what she told him, -everything about what happened on the bus, Hinata simply smiled

at her, saying that she just did what is right. It felt like something heavy was thrown off her shoulders when he said that, it must be her burdens, she thought and admittedly, it lightens her mood so quickly.

But is it really the right thing to do?

There are many options, but too limited for her. She acted on instincts, letting her body take over and not her mind. If her grandfather is here, he will definitely scold her for acting so foolishly.

Because a swordsman should keep a cool head.

It was too late before she realized it. She made a mistake, and the girls, Sawada-san, the jerk (Tsukishima) and his companion (the pleasant freckled guy), is the living proof of her foolishness. And with Tsukishima's eerie warning on her a while ago, obviously about what she did, the two girls surely misunderstood everything. But again, it's her fault for unintentionally showing her another side.

Well, if it's really unintentional.

Deep inside, to be honest, it feels good, nostalgic might she add that she have to forced herself to control her hands that was itching to slid out her katana, to convinced her mind that it's not the right thing to do, that she have to stop before she regretted it.

And yes, she did.

She sighed weakly, rubbing her throbbing forehead with her fingers. Her only concern as of now is the new rumours that will spread today or if not, tomorrow. She wondered what people will say about her.

Definitely all lies.

She glanced at Hinata who is chatting animatedly on his classmate.

Will he believe the rumours?

She shook her head, trying to wash away all the doubts inside her mind. Hinata is not the kind of person to believe on such stupid things. But stillâ€¦

She couldn't help but feel fear.

* * *

><p>Orihime was on her way home after visiting her irritating club when she stumbled on the two, practicing receives like usual on the field. They were so into it that she's afraid to call Hinata again, fearing another accident on his face.<p>

_\"Hinata is really working hardâ€¦\" _she thought as she watched Hinata dived on the ground and successfully kept the ball in the air. The ball curved a wonderful arc on Kageyama's direction and from that angle; it's easy to spike it back but instead of doing so, he caught

it with his hand.

She raised her eyebrows on that and visibly flinched when Kageyama's piercing eyes glanced her way. Hinata noticing this looked at the direction the 'King' was glaring at and excitedly leapt to his feet when he saw Orihime watching on the sidelines.

"Taira-saaaaan!" Hinata yelled while waving his hand enthusiastically and Orihime, not the type to do the same, waved back awkwardly, not expecting Hinata to shout her name in public.

Now people know who she is.

"Are you going home?!" he asked loudly with his usual cheerful self and Orihime could only nod while she walked on their direction

Hinata tilted his head, "But it's still earlyâ€|"

"Idiot. First years are to be introduced next week so obviously she doesn't have club activities. I can't believe you forgot that." Kageyama retorted smartly, now standing beside the red head. Hinata blushed lightly in embarrassment. "I-I know that! I'm just curious!"

Kageyama scoffed, "Curious my ass."

Hinata only growled in annoyance.

Orihime laughed softly, cutting their childish growling by standing between them with her hands stopping before their faces. "Now, now. Don't fight." She successfully calmed them down a bit, both looking away on each other with a small 'hmp'. She smiled contently, turning to Hinata. "I heard that you are having a match this Saturday?"

Hinata's mood instantly changes 180 degrees, already forgetting the fight he had a while ago. "Yes! Yes! You better watch, Taira-san! We're gonna beat Tsukishima's ass!" Hinata exclaimed breathlessly, his eyes twinkling in exhilaration.

Kageyama smirked, "I'm going to make him pay."

"It's _'we'_!"

Kageyama ignored him.

Bewildered, Orihime asked, "Oh, umâ€| What time is the match?"

"It's in the morning! I think six in the morningâ€|" Orihime bit her lips just at the mention of 'morning'. "B-but you don't have to go at exactly six! A-and it's alright if you come there late! B-but it's alright if you can't come tooâ€|" his words are slowly faltering and he bowed his head to hide his reddening cheeks.

Orihime giggled behind her fisted hand as she watched Hinata's face flushed, "I can go." The said man looked up, his eyes shining with expectation. "But I can't promise to be early. I have to take care of my siblings..."

"It's alright!"

"What time do you come here, Taira-san?"

The two surprisingly looked up at Kageyama and they both blinked owlishly at him, amusement written on their feature as they watch his face turned a funny shade of red.

"Stop looking at me like that! Dammit!"

Orihime's brows furrowed, confused and she looked at Hinata, only to get a shrug from him.

"J-just answer the question." He stammered, trying hard to maintain an eye contact to the two of them.

Orihime tucked a hair behind her ear then licked her lip, "I usually come here at 7:30."

"Ehhh?!"

Kageyama whacked Hinata in the head, "Stop overreacting, stupid."

"That hurts, Kageyama!"

"Shut up, Dumbass!"

"Now, now!" Orihime, still in between them, grabbed both their heads with her small hand in attempt to stop their childish fight. "No fighting." She glared at them frivolously and beamed when they both stopped. She patted their head for obeying her then stopped, ruffled it, feeling the amazing texture of their hair beneath her palm.

Their hair is better taken care of than hers.

Hinata's hair reminded her of cotton wool; it is so soft and fuzzy, surprisingly betraying its spiky appearance. Kageyama, however, is silky and smooth and when she combed his hair with her hand, it flawlessly falls between her fingers.

They have beaten her when it comes to hair.

She puffed her cheeks lightly, envious of how their hair is better than hers. "I'm a girl and yet..." She muttered and let go of their head. Maybe she should have obeyed his grandfather a long time ago. He used to complain about my hair.

And he's still complaining about it.

"What?" Hinata scratched his head and Kageyama touched the place where Orihime's hand had stroked it as they stared at her, dumbfounded.

She shook her head. "Nothing," she smiled. "Um, about tomorrow!"

"Volleyball doesn't have a time limit," Kageyama stated. "So it's fine if you're late or not."

She nodded, understanding. "Then I'll try to be early. I really want to see both of you play together."

Hinata grinned broadly and pumped his fist in the air, "Then I'll do my best more!" he exclaimed. "Yooosh! Kageyama! I'm ready to receive all of your spikes! Don't you dare go easy on me!"

"Like hell I'll do that, dumbass."

Orihime's lips curved upwards upon seeing their undying motivation. It must be nice to have a teammate and a partner.

"I'm looking forwards to it, Hinata. Kageyama-san." She bowed then stood up straight and said. "I'm sorry but I have to leave. Don't overwork your body. Ok?"

They both nodded.

"Bye, Taira-san! Take care!"

"Ossu."

She waved goodbye to the two of them and leave with a new resolve raging inside her body.

I'll do my best too.

* * *

><p>"Granpa."<p>

"What?"

"Please train me."

"What?!"

"Train me."

"No."

"What? Why?"

"I'm so sick of training you."

"What kind of selfish reason is that?"

"A reason that exists and you should just accept, you shitty brat."

Orihime's cheeks puffed and reddened in annoyance, knowing that this persistent old man would not budge no matter what she do or said. Still, she could not understand why he doesn't want to train her. Before, he's so strict and earnest to teach her Kenjutsu and Kendo but now, he stubbornly rejected her like he's really sick of teaching her.

Wait, is he?

Watching her grandfather expertly oiled the blade of her katana, she pondered the reasons why he rejected her.

"Don't think too much, brat. Or your brain will malfunction."

She frowned, crossing both her legs and arms as she situated herself comfortably on the cold wooden floor of the engawa. "I don't want to accept your reason, Grandpa."

"Who told you to accept them?"

"You just did, stupid."

"Did you just call me stupid, you damn brat?"

"No."

"So you're asking for a fight? Huuuh?!"

"Just train me already you stupid old man!"

"Why would I train someone who couldn't have a single friend, fucking brat?"

Orihime shut her mouth on that, making her grandfather smirked in victory. _Oh, this cunning old man_

"I-I have a friend!" she confirmed, a small blush staining her cheeks. She heard her grandfather scoffed.

"Yeah right."

"I really do! His name is Hinata Shouyou!"

Her grandfather suddenly stopped mid-way wiping the blade of her katana as dark ominous aura started emitting around him. Forest green eyes darkened. "It's a fucking 'he'?!" Ryuu harshly slammed the white cloth on the floor then dangerously pointed her katana mere inches in front of her nose. She gulped loudly in fear. "Change your ugly clothes, grab your bamboo sword and fucking go straight to the dojo!"

Orihime blinked her eyes rapidly, shocked at his unexpected decision. "What?"

"You need to get stronger to protect yourself from harm! And harm means damn boys!"

"Y-you're training me because of that?!"

He took the white cloth he just threw on the ground and resumes his cleaning like he everything is normal. "Stop your stupid shitty babbling. I obviously can't protect you when they harass you so I'll teach self-defence for your fucking sake."

"I can't believe you."

"I know. I know. I'm an awesome grandfather."

"I never said anything like that."

"I can't hear you~" He sheathed back her katana to its scabbard and stood, stretching his back with a satisfied groan. He handed the newly cleaned katana to her. "But seriously kid, why do you want to train?"

She took her katana from him, slid it out a bit and admired her reflection, "The president of my club challenged me for a match." She then stood up as well, tucking her katana securely on her holster. "He strongly disapproves of my skills."

Ryuu raised his eyebrows as he crossed his strongly built arms on his chest, "Have he seen you fight?"

She shook her head, long wavy hair sways at her back, "No. He mainly challenged me because of my name."

"That fucking bastardâ€¦" he gritted his teeth in frustration then a creepy smirk slowly plastered on his face. "Now I have a better reason to train you to death."

Orihime narrowed her eyes at him, "I prefer light training, grandpa."

"No fucking way." And he walked away, leaving Orihime with regret painted on her paling face.

She heavily sighed, slapping her hands to her face to cover her distress, "I'm going to regret this."

* * *

><p>Thursday, 7:08am (Bus)

Today is Thursday. And it's raining. And her muscles are hurting from hand to shoulders, from toe to thighs. Even her back hurts because her siblings tackled her and jumped on her back without mercy. And the weather is drastically ruining her mood.

To make it worse, the same girls are in the same bus with her.

And they are looking at her with full of disgust.

It's just making her day crappier.

Why are the jerk and the freckled guy not here? She wished Sawada-san is here. She would gladly even want to see grandma once again.

She wanted to leave the bus.

As soon as possible.

* * *

><p>Thursday, 9:52am (second period)

It was still raining outside and she feels as if the rain is tempting her to surrender to sleep and leave the outside world for a while. The rain hasn't weakened yet and will probably die out sooner than she wanted to be. She looked to her right, watching as Hinata nods

off with his eyes barely open. She peered at their sensei who was busy writing something on the board and quickly poked Hinata on the shoulder with her mechanical pencil.

"Hinata, wake up."

Hinata jolted awake and without warning, he stood up from his seat. "I'm sorry! I will never call you 'King' ever again!"

Orihime stared wide-eyed on her friend, utterly surprised on his sudden outburst. Her classmates looked at Hinata for a moment then burst out laughing while Ono-sensei looked at the red-haired with displeased eyes.

"Mind to tell us the story behind your rude interruption?"

Hinata's cheeks blushed cherry and bowed. "I-I'm sorry."

Ono-sensei sighed and picked up her book, "It's alright. Just read page 17, second paragraph."

"H-hai!"

What have she done?!

* * *

><p>Thursday, 12:40pm (Lunch)

Orihime returned back from the canteen after buying some drinks when she spotted Kageyama gazing outside the windows, sipping up a carton milk with a scowled plastered on his features.

Sauntering towards him, she peeked at the place where Kageyama is currently looking at and beamed when she saw Hinata and Sugawara-san practicing receives.

So he's watching themâ€|

"Hinata is doing his very best, Kageyama-san."

Kageyama jumped in surprise and managed to choke on his drink. He hastily turned around to glare at the person who spoke but only cringed in a weird way (she nearly laughs) just at the moment he saw her. He then muttered something she could hardly understand.

She leaned forward, "Pardon?"

Kageyama narrowed his dark blue eyes, his cheeks turning pink. "I'm not watching him," he mumbled. "I just happened to pass by."

She hummed, eyeing the Karasuno setter with a deliberate look. "But I didn't say anything about that, Kageyama-san."

Kageyama gawked at her as he stepped back. "I-I'm leaving!"

Orihime giggled softly, "its fine to be worried."

"I'm not worried to that dumbass!"

She smiled teasingly, "If you say so, Kageyama-san."

And then he left with his whole face burning red from embarrassment.

* * *

><p>Thursday, 8:36pm (Taira Dojo)

"Move your feet! Widen your stance! Swing you arms faster! Use the strength of your toes! Hit for the head, wrist, throat and body!"

"Hai!"

"Remember, brat! If your mind breaks, your body breaks as well and you will die! So focus! Predict the movement of your opponents! Don't make unnecessary movements!"

"Hai!"

* * *

><p>Friday, 8:13am (Class-1)

Luckily, Friday is a sunny day.

Unfortunately, Hinata is not feeling well.

"Hinata, do you want to go to the clinic?" Orihime stood in front of Hinata's desk and stared worriedly at Hinata's pale face resting on his arms. She placed her hand along his forehead and frowned as threads of heat transferred from his skin to her fingers.

"I will get you a medicine, alright?" she stroked his hair away from his closed eyes. "I'll be back."

She only heard a weak groan as a reply and with one last look, she ambled away to get to the clinic.

* * *

><p>'What is he doing?

She knew, just by looking at his back, that he is the freckled guy who was always standing by Tsukishima's side. But today, Tsukishima is not with him which is very unusual.

She was on her way to the clinic when she saw him peeking suspiciously behind the wall, muttering the same word 'Tsukki' the whole time. Interested to know what's happening, she decided to peek as well and quietly knelt below the freckled guy to see the scene clearly.

Shock was the first thing Orihime felt when she captured the rare moment that is happening before her eyes. Orihime's mouth turned into 'O', her blue eyes twinkling in delight at the sight in front of her.

"I'm not interested." Was what Tsukishima nonchalantly said as he

eyed at the girl coldly with his hands dug deeply on his pocket.

"P-please give me a chance!" the black-haired beauty begged, her long hair covering her face as she bowed ninety degrees before him.

"I don't like to date someone who likes a man based on his looks," the black-haired beauty flinched on his words. "Pathetic."

Orihime watched as the girl tried to keep her tears in bay but pitifully failed. She hurriedly turned her heels to run away from him, to hide her growing shame and brought her remaining pride with her. She ran to the direction where they are in and Orihime immediately backed away, her back pressed firmly on the wall to conceal her identity. She looked up just in time to witness the girl's running figure.

"Love is painful" she whispered as she gazed sadly at the girl's retreating back.

"Yeah"

Orihime blinked her eyes, not expecting the freckled guy to reply. She quickly glanced above to see if he's sane but only to see him frozen in place, his wide, surprised eyes meeting hers.

"W-w-what are you doing here?!"

Orihime stood up, brushing off the invisible dirt on her skirt. "I'm on my way to the clinic and I saw you peeking. I thought it will be rude if I just suddenly appear on the scene you don't want to meddle in."

"Y-you s-saw all of t-that?"

She smiled sweetly, "I only witnessed the part when Tsukishima-san coldly rejected the poor girl." She said that intentionally, sensing the blonde's presence behind her.

"I never thought of you to be the stalker type, _Taira-san_."

Orihime swiftly turned around to face Tsukishima, securely keeping her sweet façade in place. She forced a gentle laugh and felt her smile frozen on her lips. "_Tsukishima-san_, never once I care about your life and I am positive that I will _never_ be."

"That's good. I don't want _another_ stalker in my life." His lips lifted upward but not fully reaching his eyes.

That's when electrifying sparks violently meet each other, both their eyes burning with challenge they strictly refuse to back out.

Seconds passed and Orihime voluntarily broke the chilling eye contact, remembering that her sick friend needed her as soon as possible.

"I want to continue this interesting conversation of ours but sadly, my friend is waiting for me," she smiled and turned to look at the

freckled guy. "I saw you many times but I never got your name."

The said man blushed lightly, "Y-Yamaguchi Tadashi."

Orihime nodded thankfully, "It's my pleasure to meet you, Yamaguchi-san." She bowed in respect, "Have a nice day to both of you."

"Kitsune-onna."

She abruptly stopped walking, her hands clenching on her side. Her back was turned to them but on the tone of his words, she could practically see him smirking.

"You are _aware_â€|yes?"

She continued walking and took a deep, calming breath before answering. "I don't care."

* * *

><p>Friday, 9:35pm (Taira Household)

"Tomorrow is the day, huh?"

Orihime nodded mutely, wiping the sweat on her forehead with a fluffy towel. Orihime and her grandfather sat quietly on the engawa, relishing the peaceful sound of the cold evening and admiring the constant, calming tone of the _sozu_.

It was quite chilly but Orihime is comfortable with that.

"You better win or else, I'll personally kick your ass."

"You never gave me an option to lose, Grandpa."

"Because losing was never an option, stupid."

"I know..."

* * *

><p>I WANT TO WRITE NOYA-SAN BUT I CAN'T! I'M NOT READY FOR HIS COOLNESS! AND YAY! YAMAGUCHI AND ORIHIME FINALLY MEET IN A PROPER FREAKING WAAAAY! The twins didn't appear in this chapter but they will ruin Orihime's life next chapter! Hurrah!

**btw, here are some info that I forgot to write last chapter!
**

'Kitsune-onna' is a 'female fox' in english and the meaning behind that name is an 'ill-tempered woman and sexually attractive' or 'unpleasant or mean woman'. That's the reason why Tsukki is calling her that name because he found him unpleasant. The feeling is mutual tho XD

'Sozu' is a traditional device found in Japanese gardens; composed of a bamboo tube that when filled with water revolves to empty and makes a clanking sound. It meeeans~ Orihime is living in a traditional house.

****NEXT CHAPTER WILL BE INTENSE! PROBLEM WILL STRIKE, RUMORS WILL SPREAD LIKE FIIIIRE(maybe) AND SENPAI WILL APPEAR LIKE A SUPERSTAR IN ORIHIME'S LIFE!****

****PLEASE LEAVE A REVIEW! THAAANK YOU FOR READING!****

****If you want to add me in TUMBLR, PLEASE VISIT MY PROFILE AND YOU WILL SEE THE LINK :D****

End
file.